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SEVEN CHORUSES

From

ALCESTIS of EURIPIDES

Set to Music

For

Voices, Harp and three Flutes

BY

Gustav Holst

Work Projects Administration

So. Cal. Music Project

Los Angeles City Schools Sponsor

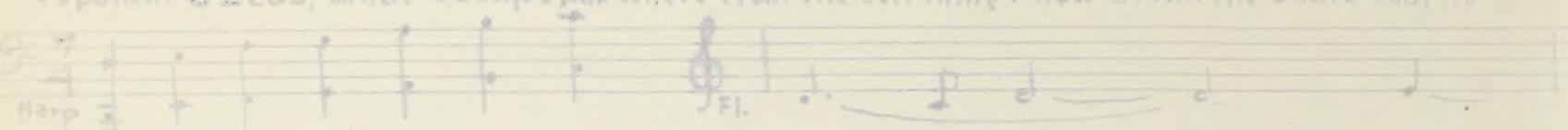
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Seven Chords

Page I 2

(spoken) O Zeus, what escape and where From the evil thing? How break the snare that is



round our King? Ah! list! One cometh? no. Let us no more wait: Make dark our raiment And



bear this hair. Aye, friends! 'Tis so, even so. Yet the gods
are great And may send alayment

To Prayer, to Prayer!

Harp

cresc.

O Pai, an wise! some heal-ing of this home de- rive, de-vise! Find

find— oh, long a-go when we were blind Thine eyes saw mer-cy find some

heal-ing breath! A-gain, o Pai — an, break the chains that

dim

bind; stay the red hand of Death! (spoken) Alas! what shame, what
dread, Thou Phœnix son,

shall be harvested when thy wife is gone! Ah me! For a deed less drear than this thou ruest
men have died for sorrow: Aye, hearts have bled. 'Tis she: not as men say dear,

But the dearest, truest, shall lie ere morrow Before thee dead! But lo! Once more! She and her

hus-band mov-ing to the door! cry, cry, And thou, o land of Phœnix

heark-en! The bra-vest of wo-men sink- eth, per-ish- eth,

dim.

Under the green earth down where the shadows dark-en, Down to the House of Death!

Seven Choruses

Andante

II

3.

Fl.

daughter of Pe-ri-as fare thee well, my
min-strels ma-my shall praise thy name with

joy be thine in the sun-less thou-sand For thine is a
lyre full strung and with vol-ces lyre-less when mid moon
creas-

deed which the Dear shall tell where a King black-bronzed in the
ri-ochy an or-bed flame, And from dusk to down-ing the

pros-cess
tous-ness
tire-less
And the
And

cold grey hand at the helm and ear which quid-eth shad-ows from
ear-nos com-e-ly to Spar-ta's call, And Ath-e-nus shi-neth in
excess

shore to shore, Shall bear this day o'er the Tears that Well, A
fes-ti-val: For thy death is a song, and a full-ness of fame, Till the

Queen of wo-men, a spouse of spous-ness
heart of the sin-er is left de-sire-less.

III

Allegretto

mf

1 oh, a house that loves the stran-ger, And a
2 And from deep glens un-be hold-en of the

House for e-ver free! And Ap-al-ia the
for-est to his song There came lynx-ess

Song-chan-ger, Was a herds-man in thy fee: Yea, a-
streaky gold-en There came lions in a thronq, Taw-my

Pi-pip he was found where the up-ward val-ley's wound, To the
cast ad red-sy-ed To that al-pur in his pride: And she

Kine from out the man- ger And the sheep from off the
 fawls he would em- bold- en, Nap- pled dan- cers, out a-
 sea, And love was up- on oth-rys at the sound.
 -long The sha- dow by the pine tree's side.
 3. And those ma- gic pipes a. blow- ing Have ful.
 4. He hath o - pened wide his dwell- ing To the
 - filled thee in thy reign By thy bake with-
 stran- ger, though his ruth For the dead was -
 ho- ney flow - ing, By thy sheep. folds and Thy
 fresh and wel- ling, For the loved one of his
 grain; Where the sun turns his steeds To the
 youth. 'Tis the braye heart's cry: "I will
 twi- light, All the meads of mo- los - sus Know thy
 fail not, though I die!" Doth it win, with no man's
 sow- ing And thy ploughs up - on the plain.
 tell - ing, Some high vis. ion of the truth?
 3rd. yea, and east- ward thou art free To the
 4th. we may mar- vel, yet I trust, When man
 dor- fals of the sea, And Pe- li. on, the un-
 seek- eth to be just And to pit- y them that wan- der,

(III)

.5.

har-boured, is but min-is-ter to thee.

God will raise him from the dust. Fine

IV

Andante

Fl.

Ah me! Fare - well, un - falteringly brave! Fare.

well, thou gen-er-ous heart and true! May Plu. to give thee wel-come due, And

Her-mes love thee in the graye, what, e'er of blessed life there be. For

high souls to the dark-ness flown. Be

thine for e- ver, and a throne Be-side the crownded Per-

sephon. cresc.

15

V
-G.

Moderato

TI.  ms.

Ad-
Tis

vance, ad-vance: Till the house shall give thee cov. er.
Fate, 'Tis Fate; She is strong and none shall break her. No

Thou hast borne heavy things And meet for la. men- ta- tion Thou hast
end, no end, wilt thou lay to la. men- ta-tions? En-

passed, hast passed Thro' the deep-est of the Riv. er yet
ture and be still thy la- ment-ing will not wake her. There be

no help comes to the sad and si- lent had
men. my be. fore thee who have suf- fered and had

na- tions. And the face of thy be- lov- ed,
pa- tience though the face of sor- row chang- eth,

It shall meet thee ne- ver, ne. ver!
yet her hand is on all na- tions.

VI

Andante

(spoken) I have sojourned in the Muse's land Have wandered
seeking for strength, and in my hand Held all

with the wandering star,
philosophies that ave;

yet no thing could I hear nor see stronger than

That which needs must be. No or- phic rune, No

(VI)

7.

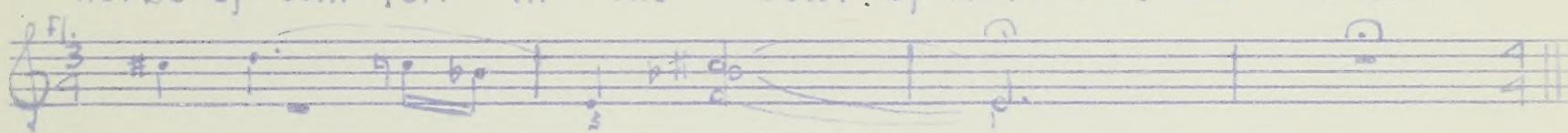
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Thra.cian scroll, hath ma. gic to a. vert the mor. row: No

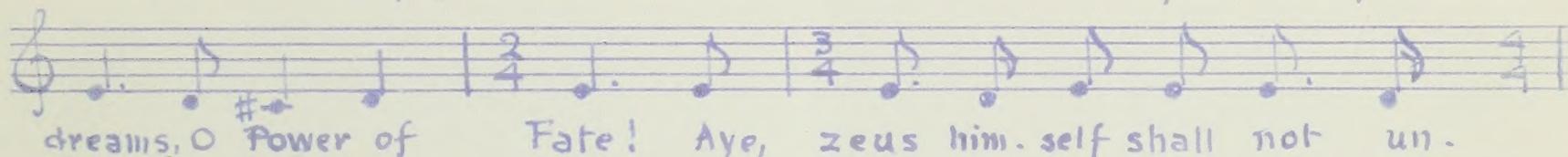
heal. ing all those med. ic. ines brave A .pol. io to the As. cle. pi. ad gave; Pale
distr.

herbs of com. fort in the bowl of man's wide sor. row.

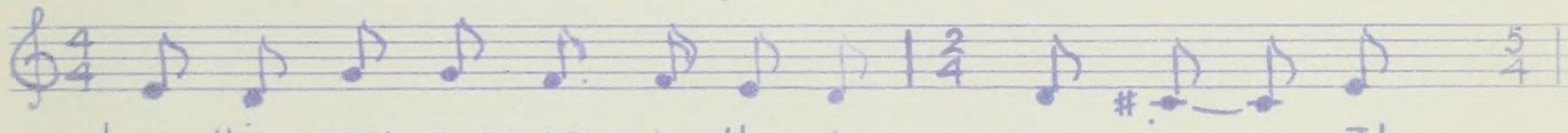


(spoken) she hath no temple, she alone, nor image where a man may Kneel;
No blood upon her altar stone crying shall make her bear nor feel.

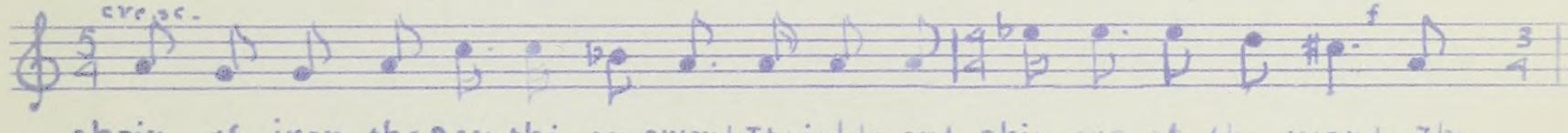
I Know thy great. ness: "come not great Be. yond my



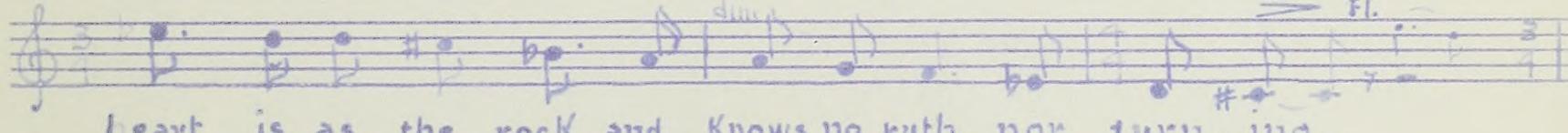
dreams, O Power of Fate! Aye, zeus him. self shall not un.



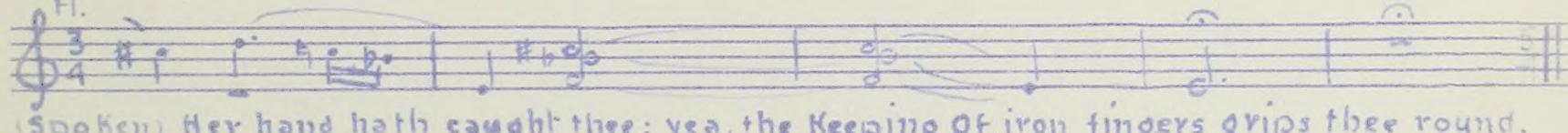
- close His pur- pose save by thy de . cer- n- ing. The



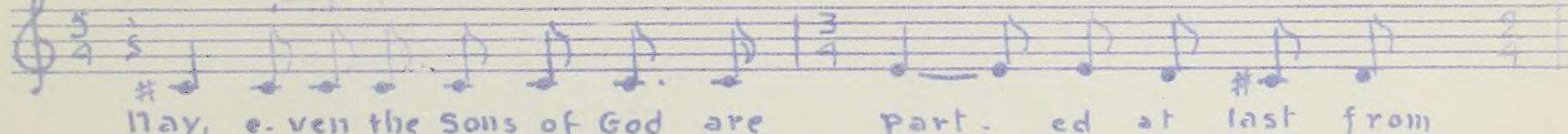
chain of iron, the scy.thi.an sword, It yields and shiv.ers at thy word; Thy



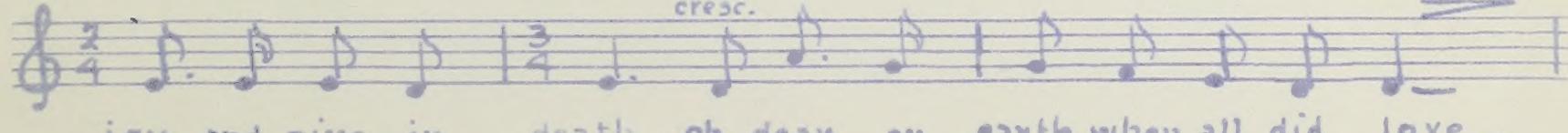
heart is as the rock, and Knows no ruth, nor turn. ing.



(spoken) Her hand hath caught thee; yea, the keeping Of iron fingers grips thee round.
Be still, Be still. Thy noise of weeping Shall raise no lost one from the ground.



May, e. ven the Sons of God are part. ed at last from



joy, and pine in death.. oh, dear on earth when all did love -

cresc.

her, oh dearer, lost be. yond re. co- ver: of

dim.

wo. men all the bravest hearted Hath pressed thy lips and

breathed thy breath.

portante

bet not the earth that lies up.on her Be deemed a grave mound of the dead.

cresc. Poco a Poco

— let honour, as the Gods have honour, Be hers, till

men shall bow the head, And strangers, climbing from the ci- ty—

— Her slant- ing path, shall muse and say: "This

wo. man died to save her lo- ver, And li. veth blest, the

stars a. bove her: Hail,— Ho. ly one,

dim.

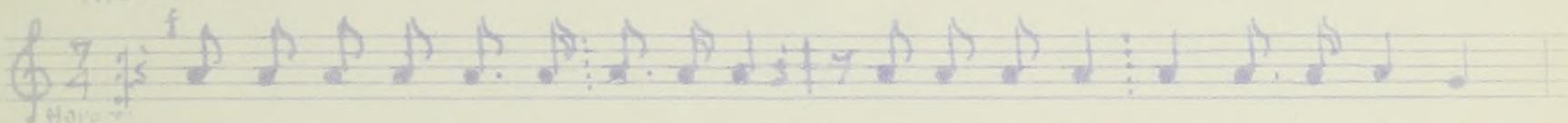
— and grant thy pi- ty!"

so pass the

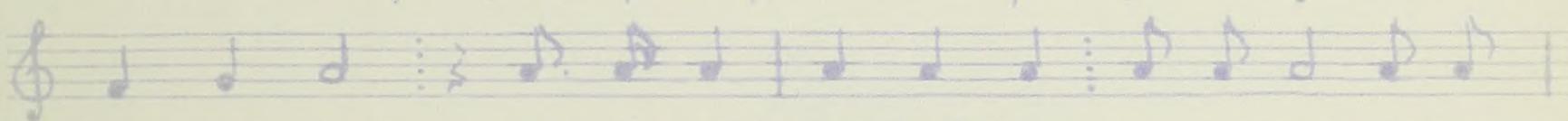
won- dring words a. way

VII
9

Andante



There be many shapes of mys. ic. ry; And many things God brings to be. Past



hope or fear. And the end men looked for com-eth not, And a



path is there where no man thought, so hath it fall-en here.



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